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THE QUEEN OF THE ROSARY.

O Mother Queen, the last rose, blushing, fair
In Autumn's arms long since away has died;
What shall we give to thee, Queen glorified?
We'll weave a mystic wreath of hopeful pray'r:
Of glowing roses bred in tears and care,
Of golden roses plucked from joyful heart,
Of snow-white roses gay of which thou art
Thyself the Queen Immaculate and rare.

With golden thread for thee we twine this wreath,
Bedew each leaf and flower with joyous tear.
At every rose we beg, O Mother dear,
To shield us all from sin forever more,
And to incline thine ear when we implore
Thy mighty aid in agony of death.

XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03.



BULWER'S HISTORICAL JUSTICE IN CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

JUSTICE is at once a rigorously demanded attribute of a good drama, and one of the most difficult to satisfy on the part of a poet. Every play, in order to answer the demands of art, must bestow rewards and inflict punishments according to desert. This rule alone asks for great mental powers in a writer, yet an historical drama calls for a still greater genius. Although it permits that the author mould persons of a secondary rank, that is, those whose character is still blurred as viewed through the mists of by-gone years, accordingly as they may best serve his advantage, yet it requires that men whom history has invested with a permanent character should remain unaltered in the drama. Criticism, moreover, throws athwart his path another difficulty. It exacts that the virtues and vices of the historical personage should not simply find a mechanical picture in those of the *dramatis persona*, but that they should be a natural outcropping of that disposition which the poet has given to his character; that he should be a human being, flesh and blood, not merely a moving mass of clay. To attain this station of perfection, the poet must divest the subject of his arts of the solemn halo with which history and time environ his brow, and must introduce him into the conversation of every day society.

Richelieu's character being fixed, the attempt to portray him in art, placed upon the shoulders

of Bulwer-Lytton the entire weight of rules peculiar to an historical drama. Critics have accused him of misrepresenting the great French Cardinal. To what extent this is true or false we wish to study in this essay. Proving certain characteristics of Richelieu by historical facts, we will compare them with the creation of Bulwer.

Cardinal Richelieu's actions are distinguished by indomitable courage and an inflexible will. His political testament enjoins that plans which mature deliberation declares to be prudent, must be carried into effect with unflinching determination.

The same brain that framed so stern a law left behind it eternal vestiges of its enforcement. Numerous executions that signalized Richelieu's administration proclaim to this day the rigor of the judge. Thus he had determined to exterminate dueling; he imposed upon it the penalty of death, a measure which seemed necessary; for they were so numerous that at no time in history this polite manner of murdering people was more frequent. In a conversation the King once expressed his disgust at such severity, but the Cardinal made this abrupt reply: "It is a question of breaking the neck of duels, or of your Majesty's edicts." When Richelieu attained the cardinal's hat, and again at the time of his accession to the ministry of France, it was in both instances the queen-mother Mary de Medici alone, who dared to present the petition. On account of this she was hated by the courtiers, for Richelieu was feared before his name became synonymous with that of power.

Even as minister he could claim few friends. Yet his unconquerable will and courage combined with the other powers of his mind to baffle the intrigues of his enemies, withstand the power of rivals, and quench the very enmity of the King. — Bulwer-Lytton has painted Richelieu with similar colors. We need but remind the reader of the memorable passage in the Second Act, by which the Cardinal encourages Francois, when sending him on the errand of wresting the dispatch from the conspirators:

“Fail—

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As FAIL.”

Indeed, there is “no such word as fail,” if a determined will constitutes the soul of man’s actions. Act IV presents a scene where the words of Bulwer’s hero breathe still greater courage. A courtier arrives from his Majesty himself, summoning Julie to the King’s presence. Richelieu’s voice rings forth with dignity:

“To those who send you!

And say you found the virtue they would slay
Here, — couched upon this heart, as at an altar
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome.”

The officer thereupon reminds him that such conduct will inevitably provoke the King’s wrath, yet Richelieu defeats the warning when he cries out:

“All time my foe,

If I, a priest, could cast this holy sorrow
Forth from her last asylum.”

Here, however, we believe Bulwer has somewhat idealized his hero. Richelieu did possess a will and did possess courage, yet, that will and that courage were employed almost solely in executing political schemes. An historian declares that Richelieu was a priest only at the hour of death, and that on all other occasions he acted the part of a politician. This leads us to inquire for the cause of this singular behavior, and we learn that Richelieu was the puppet of ambition. The very act that commenced his career indicated an insatiable thirst for honor. Anxious to obtain the episcopal see of Lucon, yet his age being beneath the years required for consecration, he deceived Pope Paul V. in that particular, and thus obtained the desired station. Soon afterwards he wished to be minister of France. About his exertions in acquiring that honorary post an historian writes: "It scarce required less artifice to become minister of France than it afterwards did to raise France to the foremost power in Europe." To satisfy his heart's craving for honor, his deportment degenerated indeed into childishness. Luynes, the favorite of Louis XIII., had stirred up a quarrel between the King and his mother, Mary de Medici, together with her favorite, Concini. After the murder of Concini the queen-mother departed for Blois. Having deceived the King and Luynes as to his real intent, Richelieu accompanied her for some time that he might acquire with her party the reputation of being a martyr to friendship. History furnishes another example equally indicative of unbounded ambition, and equally unworthy of

a cardinal. He feigned to be sick in order that the King, imagining him to be the destined victim of a premature death, might discard all apprehensions, and that he might thus the sooner insinuate himself into his royal Majesty's heart.

In portraying the ambition of Richelieu, Bulwer has been least successful. It is scarcely mentioned. Perhaps we might consider all his endeavors to arrest the conspiracy as actuated by a passion for honor; but then his real motives are too clouded. One passage only merits attention, a passage that characterizes its speaker with striking exactness. The grand monologue in Act III begins thus: Richelieu (Reading)

“In silence and at night the conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than power.
So sayest thou, sage, and sober moralist! (In soliloquy.)
But wert thou tired?
Ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the great,
Ye cannot know what you have never tried.”

Richelieu, therefore, has “tried” to be master of his ambition, but has “failed.”

Cardinal Richelieu was intriguing and unscrupulous in political matters. Many historical events that were cited above to illustrate his ambition are equally demonstrative of this characteristic quality of the Cardinal. To these, however, we add a few other examples. One of the life-objects of the Minister was to curtail the power of the House of Habsburg. To execute this design in the Spanish branch, he secretly aided the Savoyen troops that were besieging Genoa, where

Spain had its Bank, although France was at peace with that country. . . . Charles I of England and Henriette of France desired to be joined in wedlock. Since Charles was an Anglican, Richelieu addressed a letter to the pope for dispensation. Although the English prince had promised liberal concessions to his Catholic bride in favor of her religion, the pope persisted in his refusal. Indeed, it was only after Richelieu had intimated to him the possibility of affecting the marriage against his will, that he yielded. . . . In this instance, again, Bulwer Lytton's hero is too religious, although his intriguing spirit is not totally unrepresented in the drama. Richelieu boasts in his honesty:

"The lion's skin too short to-night.
Now for the fox's."

However, it was by no means in such extremities only

"That where the lion's skin fell short, he eked it
Out with the fox's."

Richelieu's spies are always active and this contradicts the words of their master.

Cardinal Richelieu's watchful eye penetrated the most abstruse questions of politics and discovered the most carefully hidden schemes of his enemies.—"A ruler is allowed to sleep only after the manner of a lion," writes Richelieu, "that is, with his eyes open." Here, too, he made his own conduct the illustration of the rule. Henriette accused her royal consort of having disregarded the stipulated concessions of their marriage. A declaration of war followed. A powerful league between England and Spain was arming against

France, when the prime minister of the latter country informed Richelieu about the impending storm. He moreover solicited that a defensive alliance be formed between themselves, alleging their common religion a sufficient cause for conjunction. Richelieu favored the proposal. The treaty of Madrid was signed, yet the wary Minister carefully avoided the snare laid for his ruin. His mistrusts of the Spaniard were soon confirmed by evidence of facts. The Spanish minister had revealed all these proceedings to the English. Bulwer depicts this peculiarity of Richelieu's character with masterly skill. That lion which sleeps with his eyes open, disarms treason of its dangers. Not unjustly does Orleans caution Baradas in the commencing scene of the play:

"Richelieu is an Argus;
One of his hundred eyes will light upon us,
And then....good-bye to life."

In Act III. De Mauprat and Julie stand speechless when they discover the hypocrisy of Baradas, yet they are unable to solve the riddles with which he had effected their mutual misunderstanding. Richelieu, however, exclaims:

"Ho, these schemes are glass!
The very sun shines through them."

Cardinal Richelieu was incomparably the greatest statesman of his age. His potent arm raised France from its feebleness; he quenched the fire of rebellion; he assuaged the fierceness of feudalism. While thus securing peace at home, he at the same time extended his influence abroad. Yet it was only by steering through severest diffi-

culties that he attained the goal of his desires. At one period of his career the Huguenots united with Spain against his country. Another beheld England added to their number. In the latter instance Louis XIII. himself was hostile to the Minister, whence Richelieu exclaimed that, he was allied against three kings. However, the great French Cardinal discomfited the power of his enemies; the very means destined to work his destruction were the footstool to greater honors.

Bulwer's drama is a grand exposition of Richelieu's political mind. Even opponents must acknowledge his greatness. Thus King Louis XIII. says to Baradas:

"You're right....he was an able politician,
That's all."

Yet soon the idiotic King, pressed by the exigencies of the hour, is obliged to avow Richelieu's transcendency in more brilliant terms. Perplexed at the mystery of events he exclaims:

"I half repent! No successor to Richelieu.
Round me thrones totter; dynasties dissolve:
The soil he guards alone escapes the earthquake."

Cardinal Richelieu, being thus the statesman of the world, was in fact ruler of his country. From the time when he became minister, says an historian, until his death he was the virtual king of France. The phlegmatic, suspicious, undetermined Louis was but "the plaything of a minister's will," as Baradas calls him in Bulwer Lytton's drama. We may mention another beautiful instance which shows the power Richelieu enjoyed. In Act IV. Julie, lamenting the loss of De Mauprat, thus implores the cardinal:

"O mercy! mercy!

Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not
The Cardinal-King? the lord of life and death
Beneath whose light, as deeps beneath the moon,
The solemn tides of empire ebb and flow?—
Art thou not Richelieu?"

A further perusal of Richelieu's character would perhaps be tedious, and is indeed unnecessary. Bulwer's hero is a great creation, and by no means a caricature of the historical character. Ambition has too little influence in Richelieu's actions; it should have been represented as the queen of his passions. In general the poet has idealized his hero too much; the motives of his actions are too noble. But what Bulwer Lytton has lost in historical truthfulness, he gained for ennobling the drama; he sacrificed history to beautify art; he is guilty of a fault which we willingly pardon in a poet.

A. A. SCHUETTE, '03.

KINDNESS.

Thou blessed universal duty
Fallen from the heav'n above,
Highest of the virtues, let us
Call thee Charity, or Love

Thou art sent by our Creator
As a sweet consoling dove,
To assist us in this struggle,
All to gain a crown above

Cursed he who dare repel thee,
And whose heart with hatred burns;
Blessed thrice who gives thee shelter,
And his love for love returns.

COLLEGE LIFE AND VACATION.

THERE is a gentleman of my acquaintance who has often given me a severe lecture on the folly of vacation. He even goes so far as to argue that it is the greatest impediment to the advancement of a young man attending college—it weakens the mind, destroys ideals, supplants false ones, and distracts one even long after his return to studies.

Every careful and thoughtful observer of the causes which elevate the human race and contribute to mould a higher type of manhood, will hesitate to credit the assertion of our pessimistic friend.

Vacation, we are told, affords relaxation to the mind. If the mind needs relaxation, vacation then is not only beneficial, but it even becomes a necessity. The greatest benefits derived from vacation, however, are of a very different nature.

Take a young man shut up in a boarding school for three or five years to prepare himself for life. He is there in search of principle. Human life today presents such an incomprehensible variety of conditions which should influence the choice of principle that the right of a college student, to build an ideal on his college experience only, may justly be questioned. We do not deny that a liberal education is itself sufficient reward to its possessor. Nevertheless, on the public market a man's political, social, and moral character, in other words, his capacity for "holding

his own'' with his fellow-beings, will determine the quality of his education. Education comprises the development of our moral and intellectual, social and physical qualities. We derive our physical qualities from a healthful atmosphere, our moral and intellectual attainments from books and teachers, and our sociability from intercourse with our fellow-men. Education then is neither in books alone nor in the atmosphere.

After attending college for a time one begins to realize that there is a vast amount of ignorance in the world. His second experience will be the discovery of his own ignorance—which is the highest and best knowledge. A vacation, if rightly spent, offers opportunities to fortify this knowledge at once with social and intellectual safeguards against the dangers of being lost amid the numerous and complicated branches of learning. It is seasoned with experience and will thus be better preserved. Vacation does more than this. It presents life to a student in a truer light, it awakens in him a new train of thoughts, and stirs up his egotistic views. It does not thereby destroy ideals, but, on the contrary, furnishes more material out of which to construct an ideal. All this contributes to make him broad-minded. Broadmindedness does not necessitate a broad conscience. It is the result of deep thought. And Carlyle tells us that "a thinking man is the worst enemy the prince of darkness can have."

It has often been said, and I think very correctly so, that our present system of education uses "too much paper" and does not give sufficient

attention to the means of cultivating social relations. Man's social life is the most effective medium through which his educational powers may act, and thus benefit him and his neighbors. In stepping from a literary life to practical life, the book-worm, accustomed only to the narrow circle of his own personality, is at a loss what to do next. His knowledge is perhaps even counterfeit. He is like an Irishman coming to church with a German prayer-book. Vacation, if spent by an ideal student in an ideal way, is half his education. It is a school of experience and the index to many new subjects, which should form the basis of his study after returning to college. It illustrates theory and puts it into practice.

The time of vacation is in most cases not wasted, though it be spent in all sorts of enjoyment. The real student knows how to turn any pastime to advantage. Let us, in stepping forth from our Alma Mater for a vacation, ever call to mind the beautiful words of Franklin: "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of".

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.



ISABELLA OF CASTILE.

AS in the field of poetry no nation can boast of more than one truly great epic, so can it point out in particular to no more than one illustrious ruler, who, in the nation's estimation stands alone in their true idea of greatness. Among the distinguished sovereigns of Spain to none can be assigned this honorable place with better right than to Isabella of Castile. She holds pre-eminently a higher place than is assignable to any of her predecessors. Seated, as it were, on a throne reared up by her brilliant virtues and eminent qualities she overlooks them all.

The deference paid her by all the civilized nations of that period, and principally the love and devotion of her own subjects towards their beloved queen, entitles her to these high encomiums. Her good physical as well as her far more noble moral qualities render her one of the most prominent characters of modern history. In every respect she serves as a model worthy the imitation of all Christian rulers.

In studying this remarkable character, by far the most interesting in Spanish history, one cannot but be filled with admiration at finding so many characteristics, rarely found in persons of her sex and station, combined in the person of the queen. Even those manly qualities so desirable in men who are elevated to the position of ruling, were in Isabella found holding a prominent place with the exclusion of any of those more naturally delicate

and winning properties peculiar to the feminine portion of mankind. She seems to have been fitted out by divine Providence for the accomplishment of this end.

It is in this favorable light that we are inclined to view the extraordinary changes wrought in Spain under her supervision and by her energetic and untiring efforts.

The period of her accession to the throne of her ancestors forms a new epoch in the history of Spain. Isabella's gigantic plans for the reformation of her country and the effecting of the first requisite to unite the Spaniards in heart and politics began to unfold themselves by her own union with Ferdinand the Catholic;—a red-letter day it is for the Spanish people.

As the union of the soul with the body constitutes the great human machine, so the union of the two kingdoms of Castile and Arragon under their respective heads so blended the two countries together in one body as to be now capable of producing such fruitful results, which before was practically impossible. We now see Spain at once raised on an equal footing with many of the European nations, and immediately assuming such importance that was heretofore unknown to her. The empire of the Koran was soon to have an end, and the Moor could now prepare for his "last sigh." These were, in effect, only a few of the many happy results brought about by the combined strength of the nation.

Considering the many good qualities and truly great abilities of Ferdinand in governmental affairs,

we cannot but attribute to him a great share of Spain's success during this period; but Isabella so far surpassed him in kingly requirements, even in the difficult work of planning military operations, that the nation can be looked upon as having been ruled by her rather than by Ferdinand.

The Spanish historian Meartyr even ascribes to her the fall of Granada, and with much right; for, it was she who raised the troops necessary for the occasion; she, who dictated the immediate line of operations to be followed; and where the whole army together with Ferdinand, otherwise a warrior full of courage and resolution, was despairing of final success and was on the point of raising this weary siege and recede from the conflict after so many apparently fruitless attempts, Isabella herself appears on the battle-field and imparts to every soldier a new courage and patriotism which she herself felt glowing in her own bosom. The soldiers, animated as well by the presence of their queen as by her words, eagerly returned to the conflict and rivaled one another in feats of courage, being desirous of winning new laurels for themselves, and of shedding glory around the name of their sovereigns.

If on one side the attack was vigorous, it was met with equal resistance on the other by the besieged; these fought with desperate courage to preserve their last stronghold in Spain; those, spurred on by past success and eager to free the country of the hated Mohammedan, flew to the contest with a determination to put their remaining energy to the test. The ultimate success of the

Spaniards could no longer be doubted, especially after Isabella has caused the city of Santa Fe to be built aside of Granada. Accordingly in the year 1492 the famous city of Granada capitulated, and with its downfall the empire of the Saracens in Spain came to an end, nearly eight hundred years after they had first gained ground under the famous warrior Tarik by their signal victory at Xeres dela Frontera. The results of this great victory of Spain over the Moors can scarcely be calculated. The wonderful prosperity of the nation in every respect, the revival of learning, the establishment of academies and institutions of learning, the impulse given to agriculture and commerce—these were some of the many benefits accruing from the fall of the Mohammedan power.

Moreover, the country being now at peace with nearly all nations, her mariners were now at greater liberty to navigate the wide seas. We are not to forget here the remarkable discoveries of Columbus, especially as it benefited the greater part of mankind and created quite a stir in scientific circles, but principally as those discoveries were referred to the Spanish Sovereigns, no other ruler being willing to aid Columbus in his adventurous undertaking.

It is true, the little aid which he, after much labor, received from the court of Spain was very ineffectual; but what he did receive was all from Isabella herself. The courtiers and even Ferdinand himself did not wish to put faith in any of the great mariner's demonstrations, and even looked upon them as preposterous.

But when the result of the first voyage was made known, thousands embarked to visit the New World. Spain thus acquired an unbounded extent of empire. Columbus found in Isabella a true friend; where others grew jealous, reviled and heaped calumnies upon the innocent man, she remained his constant protector. Where others tried to belittle him, she was one of the foremost who was conscious of the true worth of the man. In return for such regard, Columbus in all his letters poured forth his heart in gratitude to his benefactress for being so favored. Isabella's tenderness of heart is well known to all. On one occasion when some persons, jealous of Columbus' authority, sent in false reports to the court about his conduct in the American colonies, Isabella reluctantly signed an order commissioning an officer to inquire into the real state of affairs. But what was her grief when some time later she learned that he had been sent back to Spain in chains, though innocent! She could not repress her tears when she saw what great misfortunes had befallen that man, and with what black ingratitude he was repaid for all his services. She ever afterwards reproached herself, looking upon this evil as coming from her own hands, so careful was she in doing what is right, dispensing justice to every one, and thus following the dictates of her conscience. This shows what noble character Isabella possessed. Shortly after this, being attacked by a fever which never left her, she died, strengthened with all the consolations of the Church. During all her life she had been a devout Catholic and a model queen. Her death

was a most severe blow to the Spanish nation; she had ruled, it with moderation and occasionally with severity, but always with justice. No wonder then that the people looked upon her death as their greatest misfortune. No other sovereign of Spain ever commanded the love and admiration of his subjects so perfectly as did Isabella. Her character, though somewhat impaired by the much-talked of *Inquisition*, which fault the enemies of our faith would represent as enormous, commands the admiration of all. The name of Isabella of Castile will ever remain in the memory of all true Spanish hearts as a precious token of halcyon days of their country. REMIGIUS H. MONIN, '03.

LINES TO A YOUTH.

Thy heart be like a noble ship
 Amidst the tempests' thunder,
 When wild the waves and fierce the gales,
 When lurid fires rend the air
 With fearful crashes, blinding glare,
 When groan the masts and sigh the sails,
 The ship seems rent asunder.
 Then float upon the tow'ring surge,
 Heed not the Tritons' low-sung dirge,
 But on the billows' crested neck
 Wilt upward go without a check.
 The will-strong man alone can rise
 Through storms and tempests to the skies;
 The very billows that would drown,
 Must lift him up to high renown.

A FATAL JOKE.

TADDY MOSE was the favorite of everybody at the Everetian Academy. He was yet a junior in the second grade and with a none too pleasant-looking face, which had the appearance of wearing a perpetual grin. He had a way of shaking his head back and forth when anything perplexed him, which could not but force a smile on the beholder's face. It was surely not on account of these accomplishments, if such they may be called, that endeared him to his companions, and even in addition to this, he was known to the boys as being a little "unsound" and extremely 'gullible', but he had a knack of being always obliging to his companions, always willing to run the errands for everyone, even for the smallest. If anyone had forgotten or missed any article, off would Taddy be sent after them, and set about it with as much alacrity as if his head hung in the balance. Some of his more mischievous companions taking advantage of his stupidity, as they called it, often prevailed upon him to perform things which betrayed him into very sorry plights, in which he had to bear the brunt of the punishment. On such occasions he was often severely reprimanded by his superiors for permitting himself to be so easily imposed upon by others, but his shallow mind could not in the least justify such commands in his superiors, who to his idea should have been the very embodiment of charity. But for all this, he did not in the least relax, but continued assiduously to be everyone's servant.

Situated on a rising eminence and a little apart from the main college-building stood the Everetian Law department. It was a stately four-story building, with spacious halls, and in every respect specially adapted for the study and practice of law. One hall in the third story was neatly equipped as a court-room. The stand of the judge and witnesses, the gallery surrounding the lawyer's and secretary's desks, all were in their respective places. Here the seniors and their tutors practiced the law in all its reality, delved down and entangled themselves in its meshes. Here these youthful followers and imitators of Blackstone and Cooke pleaded their cases, the mimic judge pronounced the sentence on the imaginary culprit. In many cases they had displayed wonderful insight and ingenuity in arriving at their conclusions, for which they were highly praised by their delighted professors. This often raised their enthusiasm to the highest pitch. It happened that they sprung a case in which a wicked son who had committed patricide was by them sentenced to be executed. Some of these less grave and more enthusiastic students were determined to *have* a mock execution to crown their efforts, and no other but our friend Taddy was to be the mock victim. Accordingly that very night as Taddy was rounding the corner for the dormitory he was seized and securely gagged and blind-folded. He was so taken by surprise that he did not even attempt to resist. He was led to the law building, was hurried through the halls, doors opened and closed behind him. His eyes vainly endeavored to pierce the

bandage which held them prisoners to ascertain his whereabouts. After an endless ascending and descending of stairs, his conductors brought him to the hall. The bandage was removed, and a very strange scene met his terrified eyes. Immediately before him, in a high chair sat a stern-looking personage, in a flowing gown, with long white hair descending down over his shoulders. Round about him sat also a whole row of grave-looking personages in flowing beards and gowns. The person acting as judge slowly arose and solemnly proceeded to pronounce in very measured tones the sentence of death upon him, which was to be inflicted by decapitation. Accordingly the headsman bearing in his hands the dread instrument of death, marched in upon Taddy, who was made to gaze upon its cold, cruel edge. He was forced to his knees, a long cap was drawn over his head, and he was asked whether he had any request to make, but they received only a muffled answer. The ax was for a moment permitted to graze the neck of its victim, when suddenly the lights went out and he was left in total darkness. The following morning when the exultant seniors returned to the hall, they were met with a sight that horrified their eyes. In the middle of the room frantically waving his arms in wild gesticulations, and regarding with speechless terror the ax, stood Taddy. The shock had been too great for his already demented mind, and he now stood before them a raving maniac. What began with a practical joke ended in a dark tragedy.

FELIX DIDIER, '04.

AN AUTUMN THOUGHT.

On a still October morning,
As the year was growing older
And the days were getting colder,
While the birds were swiftly flocking
For departure, never stopping
E'en to bid a last farewell,
All the Earth seemed sadly mourning.
To the cycle's powerful wielding
All the plants, abundance yielding,
Gladly bent their heads and fell.

Near a gently flowing river
Stood a Chestnut softly speaking
To its neighbor, Willow, weeping:
"Whats the reason of thy sorrow,
Art thou anxious of the 'morrow?"
"I've been earning no reward,"
Quoth the willow with a shiver,
"And a creature, nothing earning,
Shall be fit for naught, but burning,
Is the saying of the Lord."

When at length our end is nearing
And we feel that we are falling,
We will hear our Maker calling:
"Hast thou yielded fruit this season?"
Who, if not, can give the reason?
Fortunes then are naught, or names;
All must answer justice fearing;
For the tree that hath not yielded,
When the harvest scythe is wielded,
Shall be cast into the flames.

CHAS. VANFLANDERN, '03.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

WE may find great and noble characters in every station and occupation in life. Some inhabit unknown districts, frequent untrodden paths, and find a peculiar happiness and contentment in solitude and retirement. The world knows this class only by their example and beneficial teaching. Others plunge full into the wild, surging tide, but swim constantly against it, and resist its angry billows. But when we select our hero from the very center of vice and avarice; when he lived at a time when idolatry corrupted the hearts and minds of men; at a time when crime was licensed and tyrants ruled,—when amidst all this we find one who retained the noble qualities of a competent and virtuous ruler, we must concede that he merits in a special manner our esteem and admiration.

If we scrutinize the pages of history, we will find no character to whom the above description is so aptly suited as Constantine the Great, who at first ruled only Britain, Spain and Gaul. But since ability must necessarily elevate, and since the splendor of virtue cannot be mistaken, his authority was bound to spread. Constantine possessed an enterprising genius. He saw on all sides the iron hand of tyranny descend with dreadful vengeance. The weak and tottering foundation of idolatry was visible, and he saw Christianity strong and stable amidst the storms of persecution. He knew the terrible fate of some

of its persecutors, and could see supporting this firm rock, the hand of Divine Providence.

Consequently he invoked the protection of the God of Christians, and proceeded against Maxentius, the tyrant of Rome. He successively stormed and entered Luza, Turin, Milan, and many other towns along the Po. At Verona he displayed remarkable prudence and valor, and proved his great skill as a warrior and also as a general. The inhabitants of conquered towns welcomed him as a deliverer. Depredation did not follow his victories, but mercy and kindness won the hearts of all.

Shortly after his recent defeats, Maxentius, conscious of his approaching ruin, made a last effort, but this time he suffered complete defeat. Consequently in the year A. D. 312, Constantine solemnly entered Rome. The inhabitants were exceedingly joyful on this occasion, and did everything to show their appreciation of so noble a ruler. A beautiful statue of the conqueror was erected in a public place. And in memory of that event, a magnificent arch near Mount Palatine towers in majesty above the city, and testifies to the world the triumph of Christianity, the downfall of idolatry, and the restoration of law and order.

But as virtue is engaged in a continual struggle in this vale of tears, so Constantine was soon confronted by another formidable enemy in the person of Licinius, a wicked prince, who swayed the scepter over the entire East. This worthless prince soon met defeat, but his restless spirit could

not be appeased, and soon after he renewed hostilities. The people of Adrianople then beheld two mighty armies, fuming and frothing, while the river Hebrus separated them, and peacefully wound its way into the neighboring hills. The true warrior acts with brain as well as arm. He can extricate himself from the most perilous positions, and here Constantine again proved his superior skill as a general. He feigned to throw a bridge across the river, and while Licinius and his men were endeavoring to hinder this work, Constantine, with a select band, crossed another part of the stream, surprised and defeated the enemy.

But Constantine was not always employed in martial exploits. They were only necessary means and a preparation for greater things. When the smoke and dust had rolled away, and the din of cannon was no longer heard, he turned his attention to civil administration. Excellent and salutary laws were enacted. He greatly assisted the poor, the widow and the orphan. His hatred of injustice was manifest, and many iniquitous judges served as public examples. He was neither lion nor lamb towards his troops, and perfect satisfaction existed among them. No uprising or disorder was ever detected in their midst. He loved and cultivated literature, and, like every good father, was greatly concerned about the education of his children. He selected with zealous care the most competent teachers, and, in a word, did all to firmly establish in his children the noble qualities of his own character, and to inspire them to con-

stantly follow his example. He observed the progress of Christianity with enthusiasm, and was so zealous that his protection and encouragement caused the first general council of the Church to convene at Nice in the year A. D. 325.

The character and qualities of Constantine are truly wonderful. But alas! some are always ready to impose upon good nature, and Constantine's too lenient disposition caused many misdeeds to be committed during the latter part of his reign. This laxity to some extent blots his memory, but it should not depreciate our high estimation of his good qualities. He was generous and just in all judicial transactions, valiant and merciful in his military exploits, kind towards his subjects and soldiers, and, above all, pious and constant in the practice of his religious duties.

But Divine Providence, directing all things with wisdom, called this noble soul, and the 22nd day of May, A. D. 337, beheld the empire in deep mourning. Universal grief afflicted the people. Officers and soldiers, in particular, were frantic, for their emperor was dead. He passed away in the exercise of great piety and with the consolation and resignation which only a pure conscience could produce.

PAUL A. WELSH, '04.



COURAGE.

“Fear paralyzes the soul.”

THE grandest and most sublime objects that elicit our praise and admiration are those which put before us human nature in its highest aspect, and courage is certainly the quality that elevates our nature to this exalted rank. I do not mean physical courage which every animal, however small, possesses, but that moral courage which prompts man to love and respect honor, sincerity and justice, the courage that seeks truth for itself; the courage to be honest and upright. Such a courage may be defined as the self-assertion of the noble qualities of man; the voice of the soul seeking the execution of great and noble deeds.

To the hero, be he saint, soldier or patriot, it is his grandest and noblest prerogative. Moral courage is needed and found in every station and profession of life. It is as essential to the statesman, the scientist or philosopher, as to the soldier or officer in battle. Socrates drank of the fatal hemlock, because he would not recant his doctrine on the immortality of the soul. Sir Thomas Moore was beheaded, because he would not take the king's oath. There is no truth revealed or discovered that did not have to fight for recognition.

Courage was required in no less a degree by the early Christian martyrs. Look back into the gloom of the primitive ages of the Church; contemplate those courageous men and women, nay,

even children, who endured such fearful tortures and excruciating torments for their God and conscience' sake, without even so much as a kind word or look to brighten death's agonies. Certainly they exhibited moral courage in its highest degree. How admirable is the response of the holy youth Pancratius who, when commanded to sacrifice to the false gods, refused; "for Christ," he said, "our Master, inspires the soul of His servant, even young as I am, with courage to suffer for His sake." Men stamped with such heroic character, present to us the noblest examples to be found on the pages of history.

It has been aptly said that a crisis in a man's life determines whether he be a coward or a hero, and that his real courage is shown when he is brought to face danger single-handed. And certainly the battle-field presents to the human mind such a crisis. It is there that couragefully asserts itself in the soldier. To him it is to conquer or to die. Death for the soldier is far more preferable than defeat. But he is the true hero, who, losing battle after battle, still fights bravely on, either to win at last his well-earned glory or a soldier's honored grave.

The fate of a country generally depends on its soldiers. Let them be brave and courageous, and the country flourishes and is safe; but if its army is cowardly or demoralized, then the nation begins to wane, till gradually it sinks, if not into total oblivion, at least far below its former strength and greatness. Well did Napoleon, that gigantic pillar of fame, know the value of courage in his

army. To him fear was unknown, and it was his sole aim and object to inspire a like courage into the hearts of his soldiers. As an example of his indomitable courage, permit me but to cite the instance when after his escape from Elba he met his favorite regiment at Grenoble. When he approached to welcome his former comrades, the colonel gave the command to fire; with the muskets leveled at his heart, Napoleon fearlessly advanced till he was within fifteen paces of the soldiers, where he uttered the well-known words, "Soldiers of the fifth regiment, if there is one among you who would kill his Emperor, let him do it; here I am!" The result was the complete return of the soldiers to the standard of their beloved emperor. It was a like courage that afterwards regained for him his imperial throne. Ever throughout his life, his brilliant career is characterized by the same firm will and irresistible courage. So it is in the lives of all great men; courage in the most trying ordeals was their leading quality, joined with self-confidence and persistency.

The obstacles one conquers are but his stimulus and aliment, they pave the way for future success and glory. And it is especially in our day that courage is most needed, for men can no longer obtain a prominent or exalted position at one step. For the accomplishment of great deeds and objects, courage and perseverance are vitally necessary. It is not the man of ability and talents that always succeeds, but it is he with a high purpose in view who struggles bravely on till he reaches the pinnacle of fame and success, the goal of his endeavors. To the courageous man failure is unknown, and likewise to the eager and honest aspirant to distinction there should be no such word as fail.

WM. T. FLAHERTY, '04.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

THE new staff of *The Collegian* for 1902-1903 presents this issue to their friends with the hope that the contents may come up to their expectations. We are in a measure tyros in this line, and we therefore ask your kind indulgence in the be-

ginning, if everything should not find favor with your literary acumen. The members of this staff would be glad to have their work criticised by their friends. We will always take a well-meant advice in the spirit in which it is given, and especially do we expect the Alumni to now and then send us their views of the merit or demerit of this journal. A correction will never be taken amiss; but one thing we do expect is, that these suggestions or corrections be sent directly to us. Do not write to an unconcerned person and there open fire upon our efforts. That is cowardice and not at all decorous, but send your suggestions to the staff, and you will be praised for your solicitude in our behalf. We are not unmindful of the high position *The Collegian* has occupied during the last few years among our exchanges, and we will make every effort possible to maintain that rank among college journals.

THE remembrance of college days is one of the most pleasant reminiscences that can be thought of by a college graduate or former student. After spending a number of years in an institution of learning no thoughts are so cheering, none so consoling as those which recall to our mind those happy days spent within the walls of Alma Mater, preparing ourselves for the practical skirmishes of life. We are told by those who are in a position to know that they are the happiest days of our life. And the assertion seems true; for at this time we have comparatively few anxieties and cares to diminish our happiness. True it is, we, too, in common with all mankind experience diffi-

culties and disappointments that cause our spirits to droop, but when these hardships are compared with the many severe trials and bitter defeats encountered by people in the busy world, they are, to say the least, very insignificant.

THE United States during the past year have been enjoying a period of unexampled prosperity and progress in all branches of industry and commerce. This naturally is very gratifying to the people of this country, and has caused many a person "to get on his feet" again with regard to his finances. But even prosperity has its disadvantages and draw-backs. Abraham Lincoln once said, "Prosperity breeds tyrants." Certainly the American people have never seen the truth of this assertion more strikingly verified than at the present time. The great rapidity and insatiable ambition with which the managers of large combines have of late been piling up millions is, without doubt, a gross violation of all regard for the rights of the people in general. And such methods will inevitably result in a financial disaster never before experienced in this country, if stringent measures are not soon taken. It certainly is an alarming state of affairs to behold combinations of capital jeopardizing the industrial interests of this country to such an extent that it prevents legitimate competition. It is a well known principle of political economy that competition is the life of trade, and this being granted, it is apparent that enormously allied interests are a menace and burden to the great masses of people in the United States, and as such they should be suppressed

and kept within the bounds of a just and satisfactory economic basis. Such a course is the only one that will secure a proper share of the enjoyment of life's blessings by all classes of people, and insure for all of us a continuation of our free institutions.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM has assumed such vast proportions and commands so much influence in the field of letters to-day that an institution which has no literary organ to stand as an index of the work done in the class-room, is surely neglecting its own interests as well as those of its students. A college journal is a criterion of the mental training received at the institution from which it hails. It brings into practical use what has been acquired by perseverance and close application to study, or in other words, the theoretical manifesting itself in the practical. It may have its disadvantages like many other good things, but there is no doubt that the arguments in favor of the propriety and desirability of college journalism by far outweigh the few objections that may be raised against the enterprise. The college journal fills a long felt want among the environs peculiar to college life. It expresses, as only an organ in sympathy with the students can, their hopes and ambitions, defeats and disappointments, glories and attainments. It is, as any student of literature knows, the best means for the student to acquire excellence and facility in letters, and serves in a general way to train and develop the literary abilities of the students in a manner that will make them writers of ability on any and all subjects that engage

popular attention. College journalism has often been the stepping stone to effective and creditable work in literature, and not seldom has been the cause of the author obtaining literary immortality in later years. A great majority of the correspondents and noted writers on the large dailies at the present time owe their lucrative income to the early training received in journalism while at college. The college paper gives the student a chance to let the world know what is his opinion on all matters of literary and general interest, and thus insures for the college man a place of distinction among the thinkers of the day. Truly, a college without a paper to tell the world the doings and opinions of its inmates, comes a long ways from being what the American people call an ideal institution of learning. Hence, it is not surprising that journalism has progressed so far among the colleges and universities that no less than thirteen dailies edited by the students are in existence among the larger institutions of learning in the United States. This is undoubtedly gratifying and augurs well for the future of college journalism, and it is to be hoped that its growth will be healthy and its progress rapid. When all these things are taken into consideration, it can reasonably be expected that with the advent of every new scholastic year, college journalism will have more supporters among thinking people, who surely cannot fail to recognize its incalculable value and true worth.



Frequent debates have occurred about the value of college journalism. While arguments may certainly be advanced that militate against its advantages, others can be adduced that offer a vigorous support for its maintainment. The views regarding this question are however more or less arbitrary, and hence, assuming at once that it is beneficial, we turn to one of its phases, which, while our judgment about it claims to be little more than personal, is, we think, more novel and therefore more interesting. *What should be the contents of a college-journal?* Though aware that this has been an article of warm debate between different papers during the past year; although thereby subjected to the danger of being challenged to the lists by some of our fellow-knights, and have our new mail of ex-manship tried at its very donning: we nevertheless venture to advance our opinion.

A college-paper should be literary, because journalism was introduced for the purpose of developing individual thought, and thus to acquire for the student a good style. Both these ends are, and are *only* obtained by literature. What

is literature? "Literature", says Cardinal Newman, "is the personal use or exercise of language." In various other places the author is very emphatic on personality. Originality, therefore, is the very essence of a good college-journal. But this alone does not set forth the range of the above quotation with sufficient clearness. The definition, as the writer himself clearly demonstrates, excludes science which treats about "things", because it demands "thoughts". In science words are but the symbols of things—things that exist without the aid of the human mind; but in literature language is the breath of thought, almost identical with it, and absolutely depending upon man's intellect. A treatise on a scientific subject may, however, become literary, provided it contains original thought and is not a mere synopsis or explanation of some tract in a text-book.

Among the leading divisions of literary composition, verse and prose, the former has been the subject of little contention and is in general obtaining due appreciation in our papers. Yet we notice a few that are already withering, and wearing the somber looks of age; boys, already gray-bearded philosophers; all imagining themselves Platos, I suspect, or Aristotles, and being actually unable to squeeze out one verse in ten months. Now, at least tell the Muses that this is truly a prosaic age, and that you, running with the rabble, are in fact one of its advocates, and, please, do it in verse too.

In prose-composition the short story is becoming very predominant. There are many who think

that the men and women of our American educational institutions are too young, too inexperienced, and perhaps too little educated, for producing original compositions containing solid thoughts; that, since perfect originality is in our days only a utopian expression, for there is no idea which has not entered at least one human mind before us, they should above all be taught to present their borrowed thoughts a beautiful form.

As regards style, we do not see why the story offers more or greater facilities for its development than the essay. Those who imagine that a writer may borrow his thoughts from another, reproduce them in language, and yet have his own idiomatic style, labor under a positive error. According to Card. Newman, thought and style are identical, and hence, in order to have our own style we must have our own thoughts. If anyone, therefore, maintains that the young people in our institutions of learning are unable to write good essays he includes in his assertion their incapacity to think. Now, in youth the imagination may be, and certainly is more alive to the exterior world than the understanding; yet, if people in their young years have no thoughts to express whatsoever, if they cannot gather a sufficient harvest from their intellect to fill a few pages of their college-paper with something more substantial than mere phantasms, we fear they will be able to present to the world nothing but illusions in after-life. Certainly, youth cannot produce the profound treatises of age, but neither can it compose a story of equal merits with that written in later years.

It cannot, for example, delineate characters with that distinctiveness, that truthfulness to nature, like a perfectly developed mind. For this, too, experience is required.

Now let us consider what the objection for originality amounts to. If by originality we mean the first thing of its kind, we admit that it is impossible to lay a just claim to it in these later ages, but if originality signifies a writer's personal thoughts, we do not understand why an author of to-day cannot be almost, and frequently as completely original as that human being which first conceived the idea. This originality we must understand here, because it is believed as well that no story can be told which did not truly occur at some time, or in some place or other.

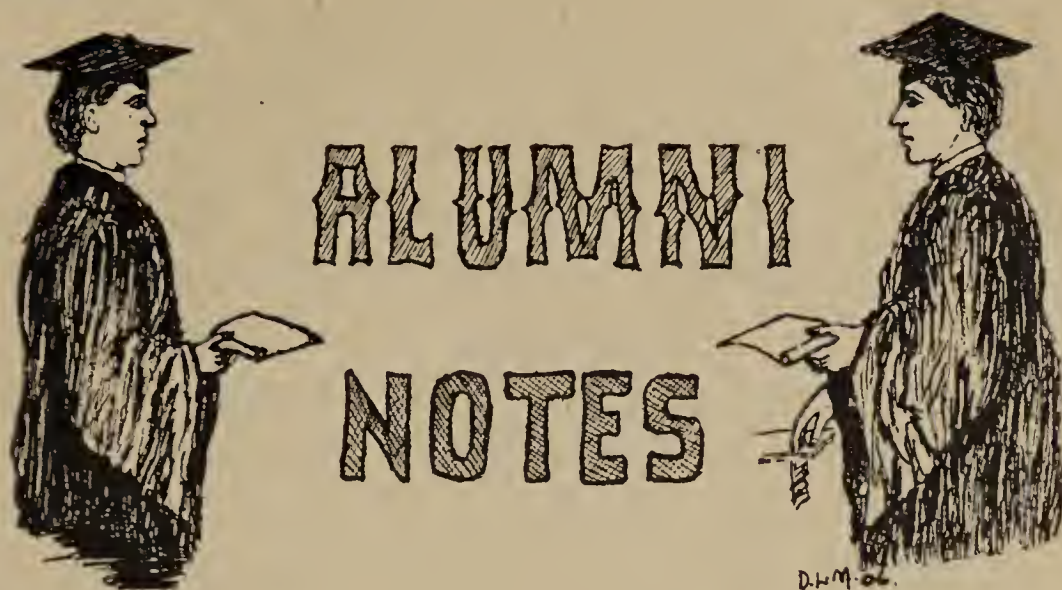
But it may be objected, the writers in our journals are and can only be original in fiction. That they generally give in their personal work in the story only may contain a bit of truth; but that they can do so only in the imaginative, we deny and have in fact proven to be erroneous in an other part of this article. An ex-man last year, we believe, once expressed his views in this particular. He claimed, and certainly with much correctness, that in an essay the student must at least advance some thoughts that are the product of his own mind, whilst by plagiarizing a plot he may easily fabricate a story.

Even if we suppose, however, that no plagiarism is practiced in fiction; even if we admit that our exchanges give us more of their own in the story than in any other form of composition, there

still seems to remain something objectionable. The writing of stories fosters the spirit of novel-reading, that spirit which is even now breathing its poison into the very face of the American literary generation. Besides, it seems to cultivate a fallacious originality, an originality in one direction only. It develops the imagination, disregarding the education of the intellect. As the understanding is the more necessary faculty of life, however, the imagination serving almost only for our enjoyment, we think that the intellect should be more cultivated than the imagination. Assuredly, the latter should not be entirely neglected, and hence we do not discard fiction from our papers. No, but we delight, after passing through the solemn forest of a thoughtful essay, as we may express ourselves, to leap into the flower-decked meadow of fiction. Yet, as even a meadow, diffusing the sweetest scents by its flowery creation, dappled with all the brilliant and pleasing colors of vegetation, is not less monotonous, not less objectionable, if its limits range in the abnormal, than boundless forests, though teeming in the opulence of verdure life; so, too, is it disgusting and meriting censure to allot more than due space to either the essay or the story.

A. A. Schuette, '03.





In entering upon another year's work we must with gratitude remember those that have gone before us, and to whom we can look up with pride as our models. Although their number is yet small, new links are added every year to the chain that binds class to class and business pursuits to mental and spiritual training. As in years gone by, so also this year the St. Joseph's Collegian will bring tidings of your Alma Mater and your fellow class-mates wherever they may be. As members of the Association, we kindly request you to take an interest in this column, and by occasional contributions help to make these few pages interesting to all.

NOTES ON THE ALUMNI MEETING

held at St. Joseph's College, August 26, 1902. Although many were prevented from attending this annual meeting, quite a number of well known faces smiled upon St. Joseph's on the appointed day. We extend to them our sincerest thanks, and kindly excuse those who could not be with us.

After the usual preliminaries the graduates of '02, who had previously expressed their wish to belong to the Association, were admitted. The following names were added to the list:

Messrs. Wm. R. Arnold, Rudolph P. Stoltz, Sylvester J. Hartman, Meinrad B. Koester, Sebastian J. Kremer, Henry B. Froning, Anthony H. Knapke, Fred. W. Boeke, Ferdinand H. Mader, Bernard Huelsman, Clarence F. Holthouse, William A. Hanley, Charles W. Sibold, Henry Hoerstman.

Those that are not yet admitted may hand in their application for membership to the secretary.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

President.....Rev. J. Seimetz.
First Vice-President.....Rev. Francis J. Koch.
Second Vice-President...Rev. James F. Connelly.
Secretary.....Rev. Nicholas H. Greiwe.
Board of Directors:

Mr. John Boeke,
Mr. Meinrad B. Koester.

NOTES.

Rev. John Wakefer, '96, who was assistant at St. Mary's, Lafayette, Ind., was appointed successor to Rev. Wm. Hogan, at Dunkirk, Ind.

Rev. Joseph Abel, '96, having been assistant to Rev. H. Plaster, Hammond, Ind., was appointed pastor of Walkerton.

Rev. E. Mungovan, '97, assistant at St. Patrick's, Ft. Wayne, gave us a pleasant call.

ALUMNUS.



Father Hugo Lear, C. PP. S., will remain Director of the Sacred Heart League. The following were appointed promoters: Messrs. E. Wills, C. VanFlandern, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, J. Braun, P. Welsh, H. Muhler, R. Halpin.

The Marian Sodality convened after High Mass, Sunday, Sept. 7th, and after some explanatory remarks by the Rev. Moderator, Hugo Lear elected the following officers: Prefect, Mr. Chas. Van Flandern; 1st. Ass't Prefect, Mr. R. Monin; 2nd. Ass't Prefect, Mr. R. Halpin. During the meeting of the above elected officers, Mr. R. Goebel was appointed Secretary, and the following were named consultors: *St. Aquino Hall*, Messrs. J. Steinbrunner, G. Arnold, E. Freiburger, M. Shumacher, L. Monahan; *St. Xavier Hall*; Messrs. B. Holler, F. Didier, F. Wachendorfer, R. Rath; I. Collins.

C. L. S. The Columbian Literary Society began to weld another link to their brilliant chain of progress, and if the one of last year was of silver, the one of the scholastic year '02-'03 surely promises to be one of gold. In the meeting of Sunday, Sept. 14th, a remarkable earnestness was to be observed in all its proceedings. The Columbians have selected a very able staff of officers for

the first term of the scholastic year. President, Mr. E. Wills; Vice-President, Mr. C. VanFlandern; Secretary, Mr. A. McGill; Critic, Mr. A. Schuette; Editor, Mr. Geo. Arnold; Treasurer, Mr. J. Braun; Marshal, Mr. R. Halpin; Executive Com., Messrs. P. Welsh, W. Flaherty, F. Didier. Besides these the Rev. Moderator, P. Mark, appointed Mr. E. Flaig as Sergeant-at-arms; Mr. W. Scheidler, Ass't Sergeant-at-arms; Mr. I. Wagner as Librarian; and Messrs. E. Wills, C. VanFlandern, P. Welsh, R. Monin, A. Schuette as Investigation Com.

A. L. S. The Aloysian Literary Society was highly pleased to learn that Rev. N. Greiwe would be their Moderator for the scholastic year. Under his able direction they hope to make great progress in their literary endeavors. The Society met Sunday, Sept. 14th, and elected a host of new leaders in the following gentlemen: President, Mr. J. Jones; Vice-President, Mr. J. McCarthy; Secretary, Mr. E. Vurpillat; Treasurer, Mr. J. O'Donnell; Marshall, Mr. P. Thom. We hope to see the Aloysians appear often in public with some spicy programs to season the graver productions of their less juvenile neighbors, the Columbians.

R. C. The Smoking Club in a very enthusiastic meeting elected Mr. E. Freiburger, President, Mr. J. Steinbrunner, Vice-President, and Mr. H. Muhler, Secretary. The R. C. wish to express their thanks to Rev. B. Besinger for a box of very fine cigars.

I. W., '04.

MILITARY NOTES.

The entire world admires a man with a well developed body and a manly carriage. These qualities cannot be brought to a higher degree of perfection than in a military organization. Such an organization in a college is without doubt one of the chief means of physical development. It brings about a precision and exactness which can be obtained in no other method of exercise. Such an organization should therefore be encouraged by the authorities and entered into with great enthusiasm by the students.

At St. Joseph's the military organization has always been one of the principal means of physical development. This year it has been introduced as a class, and obligatory for all except the classical graduates. Formerly the drill hours were taken from the students' recreation hours and caused some lack of interest.

The officers this year are novices in their work, no member of last year's staff having returned. The present members have drawn their swords, although a little reluctantly, yet with a firm hand. In years past the military has been very successful, and the present officers are confident that as great a victory, if not greater, will crown their efforts.

Rev. Bartholomew Besinger is chaplain and already in many instances has shown his interest in its welfare.

The staff officers are:

A. A. McGill.....Major.

W. T. Flaherty.....Adjutant.

G. J. Arnold.....Sergeant-Major.

The battalion will be composed of three companies. Co. A. consisting of twenty four men in regulation blue uniforms will be in command of Adj. Flaherty, with T. Hammas 1st. Lieut. and B. Quell 2nd. Lieut., W. Fisher 1st. Sergeant, and M. Shea 2nd. Sergeant.

Co. B. consisting of twenty four men in Zouave uniforms, will be in command of Sergeant-Major Arnold with R. Halpin 1st. Lieut. and N. Keller 2nd. Lieut., J. Jones 1st. Sergeant and J. Dabbelt 2nd. Sergeant.

Co. C. consisting of the twelve younger members of the battalion fitted out in sailor suits, will be in command of Capt. Goebel.

H. Dahlinghaus will act as Color-bearer, and L. Monahan as Drummer for the battalion.

Each company has two hours every week for drill, which will enable them to reach a high standard of perfection. The captains will not only adhere to the U. S. tactics, but also introduce movements from different tactics. Major McGill intends to introduce competitive drills, and some valuable prizes will await the successful contestants.

There will be a competitive-exhibition drill Thanksgiving Day. The Military will make its first appearance in public that day. The prizes have as yet not been agreed upon.

Washington's Birthday will be a gala day for the Military. An exhibition prize drill in the

morning and a grand banquet and entertainment in the evening.

With the proper encouragement of the authorities and the great enthusiasm on the part of the students, the year 1902-03 will certainly be a most successful one for the Military.

M. A. C., '04.

PERSONALS.

—Very Rev. L. A. Moench, of Valparaiso, Ind., paid St. Joseph's, a short visit on Sept. 9.

—Rev. B. J. Schuette, of Niles Centre, Ill., paid us a visit.

—Rev. A. Laux, C. PP. S., of Chicago, Ill., was here on a visit.

—Rev. Geo. Horstman, of Reynolds, Ind., was our guest on Sept. 10th.

—Rev. David Fitzgerald, of Terre Haute, Ind., was a welcome caller at the college.

—Mr. M. Lang, of Mishawaka, Ind., entered his son on the students' list.

—Mr. Siccone, of Chicago Ills., accompanied his two sons to St. Joseph's.

—Mrs. H. Schmitz, of Lafayette, Ind., spent a few hours with her son Frank, Sept. 10.

—On Sept. 12, Mr. and Mrs. James Solari, of South Bend, Ind., accompanied their son Alex. to the College.

—Misses Elizabeth and Mary Caesar, of Chicago, Ill., were guests of their brother Peter a few days ago.

J. A. B. '04.



There is nothing more pernicious to a strong constitution than a sedentary life, and to counter balance the evil effects of such a life, bodily exercise becomes an absolute necessity. Hence, it is plain that no one stands more in need of physical development than the college student.

To further these means of physical culture there is for the American youth an almost endless number of resources in the way of sports. First and chief among these means there is one sport which has never been outrivaled, and that is our national game of base ball.

St. Joseph's has ever proved herself a most ardent devotee to this favorite sport, and it is this year especially that she looks forward with the brightest hopes and prospects for success on the diamond.

On Thursday, Sept. 4th, the first game of base ball was played. It was not an inter-hall game, but rather served only to liven up the spirit of the new comers. The St. Aquino's team was composed mainly of new material and consequently the game was lacking in interest. The St. Xavier hall played a good game and showed that they have been practicing diligently during summer. Rath put

up a good game at first. The score was 17 to 11 in favor of the St. Xavier team.

The representative team has again organized with almost entirely new, but let me add, not raw material. At the meeting recently held Mr. Van Flandern was elected captain, and Mr. G. Arnold manager. On Sunday, Sept. 21, the St. Aquinos made their first appearance when they were pitted against their old rivals, the St. Xaviers. The St. Aquinos are to be congratulated on their initial work, as they clearly outplayed the St. Xaviers both at the stick and in the field.

Van Flandern, the St. Aquino twirler, was in excellent trim, only two hits being secured off him; while Monin, his opponent, was retired in the fourth inning after allowing four men to cross the slab and placing five hits to his opponent's credit. He was succeeded by Didier, who pitched much better ball, yet the St. Aquinos swelled their record with five clean hits off his delivery, and a like number of runs.

Especially worthy of praise are VanFlandern, Myers, Braun and Goebel, who did some star playing. The summary of the game is as follows:

Inning	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	—R	H	E
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St. Aquinos—	0	1	3	3	0	0	0	2	x	—9	10	2
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St. Xaviers—	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—1	2	12
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Batteries for St. Aquinos, VanFlandern and Myers; for St Xaviers, Monin, Didier and Koenig. Two base hits—VanFlandern, Shea and Braun. Bases on balls—off Van Flandern, 2, Struck out by VanFlandern, 10, by Monin, 4, by Didier, 6. Time of game, 1:35. Umpire—S. Hinen.

As the base ball season has come to a close, it is but natural that the students turn their attention to some other sport during the cool autumnal months. Try as they may, they can find no more invigorating or fascinating game than that of foot-ball. Like everything else, foot-ball has its advantages and disadvantages, although we think the latter have been greatly magnified. It certainly is a game where all the physical qualities of a student are required, and thus the advantages accruing from it greatly counterbalance its dangers.

Although foot ball takes but a secondary place at St. Joseph's, yet it still has its admirers, and the following two teams have organized:

The 'Varsity.

W. Flaherty Capt.	f b
J. Steinbrunner	r h b
R. Goebel	l h b
V. Sibold	q
T. Hammes	r e
C. Daniels	l e
W. Rieman	r g
T. O'Connell	l g
C. Meyers	r t
R. Halpin	l t
B. Quell	c

The Invincibles.

A. McGill, Capt.
M. O'Connor
Geo. Arnold
J. Bryan
M. Shea
M. Bodine
B. Schmitz
A Sutter
M. Schumacher
J. Sullivan
J. Lieser

The two teams are about evenly matched, and some good, interesting games are expected. In such games there is very little or no danger of being hurt, and at the same time it promotes a friendly rivalry between the teams. The first game is scheduled for Sunday, October 5th.

Among the many improvements about the college during vacation, none was more pleasing to the students than the renovating of the bowling alley. It has filled a long needed want, and is indeed a much appreciated addition. It is equipped with the double regulation alleys, balls and pins.

The clubs have been organized and many good games are expected as there is great rivalry between the teams. The students desire to take this opportunity to express their thanks to the Rev. Rector and Faculty for the handsome new alley, and are resolved to show their appreciation by adhering strictly to the rules and regulations of the same.

Tennis has lagged behind considerably this fall, owing, no doubt, to the inclemency of the weather. A new club will be formed soon for next season's tournament.

The pool-rooms also have their quota of adherents, and there are among us players of no mean ability with the ivory balls and cues.

Taking all in all, St. Joseph's certainly has never had brighter prospect of success for the future than at the present time, and we may hope that this year will be for the S. J. C. a winning one.

W. T. FL. '04.





Grube says that it is indispensable to have a swallow for dinner.

Capt. Koenig: (at the bat, two strikes.) My kingdom for a shovel.

Hurrah, for the new bowling alley! Who can break the bowling record?

Xavier says that some students are too lazy to labor under an impression.

Capt. Pat and Capt. Mac will do the rag chewing on the gridiron this fall.

Richard to Ludger: Why don't you play football? Ludger: 'Taint my vocation.

Frenchie says that whenever he blows very hard in the band it makes his legs weak.

The Juniors wish their old classmate, John Wessel, every success in his new field of labor.

Why is Trap's mind like a bird just let out of a cage? Because it flies away — to Cleveland.

Professor in Religion: Caesar, for what were you created? Caesar: To work hard and die suddenly.

Father Prefect was caught by Peggie's camera using his rod very energetically on Mac, Sunday, Sept. 14.

Schiedler says that he's got rheumatism in his wisdom tooth. It's a wonder it don't get into his brain.

New Clark Griffith base balls, recommended by all *good* (?) base ball players. To be had at Trap's office.

The latest literary production which has been discovered among the literati of St. Aquino hall is "Harry Tracy."

Some grateful students wish to express their thanks to the Saccone brothers for some fine grapes which they donated.

(Group of terrified boys in melon patch.)
Chorus: What's that? Flavian: Footsteps approaching on bicycles.

Professor: What would you do if you would get lost in a desert? Gloomy Gust: I'd climb a tree and look for the sun.

The non-hikes are a strong organization with "Bobby" Barnard for captain and Muhler 1st asst. Trap and Tub are the privates.

Victor: What kind of a miniature flash light is that coming down the hall? John: Oh! That's only Fidelis with his new specs.

Schaefer: Who punched that hole into Knapke's hat? Matthew: Oh! He just put it on the gas light to protect it from the bugs.

Bro. Herman and Bro. William have charge of the boys this year. Bro. William looks quite natural in his old place of two years ago.

The study halls and armory with their new coat of paint present a very cozy and cheerful appearance. Show your appreciation, boys.

Our little runaways only reached the cornfield and there a consultation was held in which they decided to remain at their Alma Mater.

Since the Juniors have been studying astronomy, Ben thinks he could safely find his way across the college lake by just gazing at the stars.

Spectator to Cyriac: What is the reason you play ball so rotten? Cyriac (with contempt): I don't want to get on the representative team.

Immediately after the last base ball game, which was won by the St. Joseph's, Mrs. Flaherty hung the team's wash on the front yard fence.

Edward: Say, Terence, where did you get that feminine look on you? Terence: Well, I can't help it. I guess my mother was a woman, too.

Scrapes, hair-cuts, shampoos, massages, or any old thing, at "Billy" Fisher's barber shop, located on the first floor of St. Cecilia Hall. Union prices.

J. Jones returned from Chicago, Sept. 23, where he has been paying a visit to his grandmother who is very sick. We are sorry to learn that she is recovering but slowly.

The blue overalls which Freiburger wears are quite attractive. A number of fat squirrels seeing the wonder, came too near, and after Frie's rifle had spoken, they were no more.

At the command 'fall in', Sept. 9, the old members of the battalion fell in and soon the recruits were got in line. From present appearances this year will be a most successful one for the Military.

The C. L. S. wish to express their thanks to the clergy and students who have contributed to their "curiosity shop." They have not as yet a very large museum, but every relic or curiosity will do much to increase it.

A most agreeable surprise was given to the students, Sept. 24, when after all the class bells had rung, a free day was announced. The roof was in great danger for some time. Permission was granted to visit the city in the afternoon.

George Arnold was called home on Sept. 16, on account of the sickness of his brother, Wm. Arnold, '02. George returned a few days ago and reports that William is on a fair way to recovery. William's many friends at the college will be glad to learn this.

A star player among us has lingered long,
Sound mind has he and his arm is strong:
He has an eye like an eagle, and yet still more,—
He can hit a ball even with a barn door.
When trying to catch flies he gets them on his knot,
His name is 'Sus', which must not be forgot.

Boys, Patronize Our Advertisers.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

E. Wills, C. VanFlandern, J. Braun, P. Welsh, E. Cook, G. Arnold, H. Muhler, R. Goebel, J. Dabbelt, A. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, W. Fisher, M. Shea, J. Sullivan, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, J. Quinlan, M. O'Connor, M. Bodine, C. Fisher, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, E. Grimme, J. Smith, E. Freiburger, P. Thom, E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, R. Beck, J. Costello, W. Hoffman, M. Lang, G. Meier, P. Peiffer, W. Rieman, M. Schumacher, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghaus, J. Notheis, J. Lieser, A. Sutter, J. Lang, B. Schmitz, C. Myers, J. Sullivan, T. Connell, A. Solari, E. Barnard.

90-95 PER CENT.

A. McGill, W. Flaherty, V. Sibold, L. Monahan, J. Bryan, E. Howe, J. O'Donnell, J. Miller, J. Jones, P. Carlos, A. Bierkmeier, J. Ramp, F. Schmitz, J. Hunt, C. Mason, L. Bergman, P. Caessr, P. Miller, J. Saccone, N. Saccone.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

A. Schuette, E. Flaig, I. Wagner, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, M. Ehleringer, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, M. Bodine, V. Meagher, R. Rath, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Fisher, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, E. Olberting, P. Wiese, D. Rada, P. Bodemiller, B. Condon, L. Burrows, J. Notheis.

84-90 PER CENT.

E. Wills, C. VanFlandern, B. Holler, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, A. Koenig, C. Grube, F. Didier, A. Schaefer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, J. Becker, M. Helmig, J. McCarthy, J. Freiburger, E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke, C. Daniel, A. Delaney, C. Kloeters, J. Costello, E. Howe, M. Lang, W. Meiering, A. Scherrieb, M. Schumacher, W. Liéser, J. Lieser, H. Dahlinghaus, A. Sutter, B. Schmitz, J. Lang, C. Myers, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Sullivan, P. Miller, J. Saccone.
